

# The Mirror

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## THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

### THE SONG OF THE THANKFUL-TIME

By Miriam S. Clark

This is a song of the Thankful-time  
Hear, little child, in the light,  
I am the fairy of growing things,  
Plenty of gladness beneath my wings,  
I sing while there fire is bright,  
I'll sing you a song of the Thankful-time,  
Sister, dear drowsy, and hear my rhyme,  
I am the fairy of morning and light;  
I am the fairy of rain;  
I am the spirit who watches true  
In fog or shadow or sun or dew,  
Till the meadows grow ripe again;  
Singing forever in every clime,  
My song of hope for the Thankful-time.

The trees in the orchard are red, little child,

The meadows were green with wheat;  
All the long summer I watched them grow,  
Bringing them gladness in ways I know.

To make them most perfectly sweet.  
Now they are yours, little child, little king,  
With their sunshine, their goodness, their might;

With everything.

This was my part of the Thankful-time;

I sing it and go my way.

Dear little drowsy, before you sleep,

Here where the shadows are warm and deep,

"I am glad for home, I am glad for love,

I am glad for the wide, kind skies above,

I am glad for the plenty in thankful-time."

—Youth's Companion.

What do you think of the advisability of making enemies?

Do you believe in compromise at any cost. Do you believe that in these days a man can't a dead line between what he knows to be right, and what he absolutely recognises as wrong?

Does he have a right?

Does he have a right to be a hind, or pretend to be and by his silence give consent to practices that in his or a sharer in the benefits thereby, when put through by his firm, by other parties with whom he has interests?

Can he afford to spit out his honest convictions? Can he afford to make powerful enemies?

I have a theory that he can, but the majority of men say "No." A man has got to live, his family to consider. There are such a lot of vindictive persons floating about, who won't stop at anything."

Do you know it's these at heart good, but backbones men, who are the most dangerous element of a country?

They are the men, the "Want-To-Be Goods, but weaklings, we rely on in elections to turn the hon est vote."

They are the chaps who have all faith in, and right so, to do the honest thing often at great personal sacrifice to themselves. They almost trust them in a horse deal.

But somehow they just fall down when it comes to taking any decided stand. They are afraid to make enemies.

They follow the line of least resistance. They want peace at any cost.

Now I maintain that you can pay too big a price for keeping friends. For maintaining peace.

The we have a cleverly dressed, a great gentleman of character, fine and irreproachable that his compatriots, moved by spontaneous admiration, united in calling him the Just. No doubt the gentleman was flattered, and in all probability attempted to live up to the title; with the talents all the world over, he could easily do so. The sound of hearing his praises sounded, and required him through the medium of the ballot-box, to remove himself and his unusual virtues to a district where they could not be heard much about them.

The obvious moral to me from this unfortunate occurrence, is, I believe, the inadvisability of relying on the breath of popular favor. But, if I and not mistaken, the story contains other moral, some of them less unfattering to the good sense and good taste of the public. For instance, for instance, the advisability of encouraging differences of opinion even on such important and intimate subjects as your personal honor and character.

Had he a decided reputation for disinterestedness from the time he was a dandy among the Athenian public, had the equivalent of the Athenian Free Trade faction suggested from the first that the nickname was hardly appropriate, while the equivalent of the Athenian Tariff Reform faction extolled him as the "Great Man of Justice and Honor," the Athenian public in general would have taken sides and enjoyed itself, wasted noisy, naked, furious, adored Aristides, and abased him. But quite certainly it would never have been satisfied by his pride in his record of the impossible virtue—so bored that it had to get rid of him.

In this attitude of mind the Athenian public does not appear to be alone. On the contrary the realm of history points to the fact, that this is a heritage of a people who have been, and every year, and we of the 20th century, if we are to be true, have been, more and more enthusiastic over our opinions and convictions, require, just as the Ancients did, the needful science not as a decided opponent who refuses to listen to a word we have to say, who jeers at our strongest beliefs and makes a jest of our heated and cherished convictions.

He is the spur; the sting—that drives us from thought into action.

Where, one may ask, would His Majesty's Ministry be without the constant and annoying presence

of His Majesty's Opposition? What would it have to talk about and when he sat down to listen to what it said? Think how Mr. Sifton rises to introduce some bill, and no one cares whether he does or not, because there is no Bennett to find fault with it. No one to argue with him. No dissentient voice heard in opposition.

Notholy to fall on his one-sided Government and pick it to pieces.

Or, rather, do not trouble to think about it at all, because it isn't worth a thought.

What would it have to do, to pounce and denounce, a budget, or a Home Rule bill, isn't worth the ink and paper it is written on.

If everybody wanted them, the chances are that no one would want them badly enough to stir a finger or open his mouth to talk about them.

It is largely through fighting the other side, refuting its reasoning, and showing up its weaknesses, that we acquire our own convictions and find out how much we want the thing that the other side wants.

One would think that this fact—this debt to an enemy—was self-evident; but it is curios in this town and country, how little it is recognized.

If the Acme Co. weren't keeping their eyes on the Hudson's Bay and the Home Rule Bay, Mr. Johnstone Walker and if Johnston Walker weren't in turn keeping Ramsey in the line of vision, do you suppose we'd have as good shops as we are getting in Edmonton to-day?

It is a heap in an Opposition, in competition, and in a struggle to a finish, to command it self to our regard.

Only ignorance of this can account for the annoyance periodically, and yes daily, displayed by cranks, purists, and others who are not in the competition and opposition that experience and have taught them to welcome with open arms as a source of their strength and advancement. Who, but Sir Wilfrid Laurier, can furnish us with a better example of the evils of degenerating having things all your own way, is?

In opposition he is twice the man he had been in his latter years of power. He is getting rid of some of the old barnacles. He is making new friends and enemies. He is becoming his own man once more.

Most politicians, cranks, etc. (they are most of them synonymous individuals) seem to be under the impression that if you only hear side of the case long enough, you will be won over to your side.

When, then, you deal with a healthily constituted human being, the opposite is often the case.

Repulsion and repetition have the same sort of effect upon human beings, than they have upon stones and boulders, and just as the latter will

produce a craving for something of a totally different flavor, so will much feeling with one idea will produce, in the end, a desire for change and variety.

Hence the periodical electoral swing of the pendulum, which has its counterpart in our individual minds.

Obviously then—if we assume, as I think we may, that this case is not framed—there is not unusual the man and his wife, lavished by the world, and others upon whom those who disagree with them is scorn and bitterness entirely misplaced. An opponent rightly looked at is a helpful ally in dispute; thus, he should be welcomed with heartfelt enthusiasm.

It is to look at him that the world goes round, it is to look at him that quickens the pace of the universe; nor must it be forgotten that a man's opportunity to prove his worth comes often from a good enemy as it does from a good friend. Who can take a look at the man who would ever have heard of Mr. David Lloyd George, Mr. George Shaw, Mrs. Pankhurst, or Mr. Ben Tillett if everyone had agreed with them from the outset? Yet some at least of the above-mentioned celebrities have been known to denounce their opponents as if they were a real and personal grievance!

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themselves, either as in the role of martyrs, or as dangerous enemies of the public good, can you not see with what different, different feelings they would look at me? Instead of which they on their own showing, do corroborate how truthfully I have sized them up.

Little men are always spiteful men. It's your big stuff, and the Home Rule bill, and the House of Commons, and the walk off a man to dine with his adversary of the Opposition.

We do not raise many men of this calibre in these parts. I know one or two.

But perhaps most men are keenly sensible to criticism.

It was like Hans Christian Andersen, the genial fabulist, who often displayed the caprices of a lovable and sensitive child, whose floods of sunshine are followed by deluges of gloom. In Paris, recently, a well-known soap-maker, George Brundage, lectured delightfully on Andersen.

"Always," Le Gaulois quotes Brundage as saying, "Anderson was a child of the people, and never, even in his old age, did he lose his wonderful child-like nature. Even if it were the glamor of fancy over his creations was, nevertheless, not with out its amusing side.

He was peculiarly sensitive to criticism of any kind. One day in a cafe a friend noticed that was writing a criticism of his work, written by an unknown scribbler in a newspaper of no account and said to him:

"Surely, you don't mind what a newspaper like that may say about you?"

"Not at all," he replied, "I do mind just a little."

"Mind if you will, 'just a little.' It will do you good."

And then consult yourselves with the thought how my conceit, must be taken out of me by the 'Men Speaking Brigade.' Live in New York? This is quite strenuous enough for me.

Member of the aforesaid Noble Don't Stare Club? I am sure you are timely either, this week.

"The Mirror" was as pretty a little piece of art as he had yet seen.

It reminds me of a good story told of a Salvation Army Officer who was taking up a collection on the street. A man who had been a drunkard, when he dropped the coins in the box, said "Here's ten cents for the girls."

"You don't believe there's any graft in the Salvation Army," quickly rejoined the woman.

"How do you know?" the man asked her.

"I don't know," he said, "but I am sure you are the sharp ones."

And the man had the grace—and the humor—to laugh.

I don't have any undue sympathy, though, from the man who made a similar charge against The Mirror.

He has stock in two other papers in town, but as there's nothing doing in the graft line on this paper, naturally he'd kill himself to unburden himself of any of his, what was I going to say? gold.

Wonder what he'll suggest next!

Two years ago, when Mr. Theodore Roosevelt was in England telling us how to govern Egypt, an Englishman happened to be in Washington, where he met President Taft. Said that Englishman: "Mr. Roosevelt was not to get beaten on every little point, but he had to be beaten on the run, the country," Mr. Taft looked up with a twinkle in his eye, and answered, "Well, we could spare what he had."

Sometimes, you know, sometimes I almost wonder if we could spare some of our Big Public Men, who do so much roaming in "fairy parts," where no one can get at them to transact any departmental business, while their poor little over-worked Deputies wreck their constitutions in their efforts to catch up with the work.

Now, I am sure, the man who is attached to the office, and gets their posts, simply and solely as the Big Man's human dukes.

Oh, I am persuaded—indeed, indeed, we could spare this man.

As this paper is read by a goodly portion of business men, I make no apology for re-publishing the following excellent article, headed "The Use of Imagination in Business: Its Value and Possibilities."

"Although it is allowed that imagination has certain uses—the word—outside the realm of art, men still believe that its primary function, if not its true and only mission, is found in poetry, painting, and prose literature. As for its value in business, there is a general indifference, if not even a suspicion, that it is of little or no value.

"But this is a mistake. Imagination is just as important to the business man as it is to the artist, and it is not only in the imagination of the man of business that it is of value. The man of business, in buying and selling merchandise—well, the idea is absurd."

"The world is a great big man's playground, and the bluntest of questions in the bluntest 'possible manner.' When Swinburne was imagining 'Atalanta,' and Lubin imagining the means of adapting man to his environment, they were not thinking of the bluntest of questions in the bluntest 'possible manner.'

"The man of business, in buying and selling merchandise, is not the man who is asking for literary friends, but the man who is asking for literary friends to help him to get rid of his difficulties."

"Confuses the replies to this question were more strenuous in language than they were clear in meaning, but they all agreed that Swinburne's mental action was not to be despised, and that it was not impossible to argue that therefore the poem is a result of imagination par excellence while the despised though immensely useful little collar-stud is the result of intelligence working on a lower plane.

Both are the offspring of mind working in the same way, but directed to different ends; the one aims at advancement on the lines of the ideal, the other is contented with mere usefulness on the lines of the real. My argumentative friends believed they had cornered me when they pointed out that the soap-maker was a good advertisement between a soap-maker and a soap-maker."

Wilkinson's Peerless Cleanser.

Now contrast it with lines like these:

Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,  
Strains the white radiance of eternity.

Do you tell us that the soap-maker and the poet used the same kind of imagination?

Yes, but it is only one memory. I may try to recall a saying of Plato or Goethe or Browning, or I may make an effort to remember the price I paid last year for breakfast bacon or whether it rained on Easter Monday. So the imagination is not set of brain-cells for imagination in poetry and art, and set for business. Besides, the mot in literature has its perfect correspondence in commerce. Plautus' "Imaginare" were perfectly for the one word to express having in mind that the man set to set forth the precise nature, use, and attractiveness of his commodities. When Stevenson in "The Silverado Squatters" describes a pall of water being carried uphill, the water lipping over the sides, and the water being carried over the sides, we see what care the alchemized words were selected. But may not the soapmaker have exercised a similar care?

I claim that between the mental activity involved in seeking such a phrase and that of seeking the innumerable words which will run the countenance of a man, there is a difference.

Modern advertising is, in fact, a triumph of the imagination. For years the world of commerce was content to announce its existence in the baldest manner.

It gave its name and address, informed the public that it was in business, and that it was all vague and unattractive. There was no glow or art, no understanding of human nature. Nowadays we follow a different method. Advertising has its textbook of psychology and its own art studios, which is only another way of saying it has pressed imagination into its service.

Judging by the business-like manner in which the two regresses held up, and beat up, their unfortunate victim a week or two ago, we are probably not far from the truth that the advanced guard in the Militant Suffragette are already in mid-stream.

Our women are making their presence felt.

I don't know why so many people are talking going south for the winter. What do they want? How about the City? We are told not only not a Board Walk, but a Board Drive, extending from Eighth Street to dear know where. Atlantic City has nothing on us.

Good. Better service every day!

Lord Courtney was once addressing a political meeting and spoke in favor of the much-debated Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. On the conclusion of Lord Courtney's remarks a man asked, "If your wife were to die would you marry her sister?" To answer this man put another question, and replied theinker: "Are you married?" The man answered in the affirmative. "Is your wife present?" She was not. "Well, mine is!" came the telling retort.

How differently we take politics in this country from the way they do in England. In the old land, is evidently illiterate, as is shown by a letter I had from an Irishman resident in London, this week.

"Although up to my eyes in work," he writes, "I leave to-morrow for Ireland, as I must get over to sign the Ulster Covenant and attend some meetings of the Ulster Unionists."

I know from the past that the hatred between Catholic and Protestant is more bitter than that between Hindu and Mohammedan.

My dear man cares about as much himself, whether a man's a Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, as I do.

He is good, and does good, but the churches trouble him not. It's what you are yourself, not what Kirk you belong to, that counts with him.

He does revel in a sound, sound old British politics. Imagine any of us leaving our families to travel to Ulster—for a principe! We would travel to Chicago for a ball game. Some of our Cabinet Ministers have gone so far as to do so.

But the Ball Game and a principe are too very different things.

The day we rouse ourselves sufficiently to set out for Ulster—will be the turning point in our march toward the goal of a better, better life.

What have I been impressing on you, but that it takes some supposed or real wrong, some enemy, if only an imagined one, to rouse people from their dead, lethargic state, to higher, better things.

Let the good work up the back lanes, in the city dairy and in the milk bottles, be started. It will be too soon.

There's not much sense, however, in condemning conditions either in milk or in the garbage area, if you don't enforce the elimination of those conditions. Talk was ever cheap, and human lives have paid the sacrifice.



## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

It was a great three days that the Curtis company gave us with the Gilbert and Sullivan revivals. "Any old operas certainly stand the test of time well. Even 'Patience,' which deals with a phase of society that the present generation knows nothing of, more than holds its ground."

In its present state, it is the cleverest of all, so far as the Gilbert libretto goes. It gave De Wolf Hopper his biggest opportunity, and his Bunthorne was an exceedingly clever bit of work. It also gave the best singing of George Corcoran, who, as Archibald Grosvenor, was intimitating. His "Magnet and the Churn" and the "Willow" duet with Patience were both delightful memories.

The company made good reputation of being one of all stars, but among the stars, Mr. McFarlane certainly had the brightest. "The Right Thing" in the engagement with the exception of "Pinocchio," where Capt. Corcoran did not give him any great chance his singing and acting were the feature of each performance. When he came on as the Mikado in the second act on the final night, the only regret was that his time on the stage was so short. His singing of "To Make the Punishment Fit the Crime" was only equalled by that of "The Modern Major-General" in "The Pirates" on the last night. Mr. McFarlane's singing in any comic opera hall will be sufficient henceforth to draw any one who saw his work on this occasion.

Engene Cowles showed to much better advantage as Pooh Bah than in any of his other parts. He still sings, but his voice is not as good as it was. Mr. Driscoll's Nanki-Poo was his best performance. Mr. Cunningham did consistently good work throughout, his Sir Joseph Porter being particularly well done, especially the ever popular.

Stick close to your desk and never go sea. And you all may be rulers of the Queen's nave.

Blanche Duffield has a voice of great sweetness and her singing of the solo songs that fell to her were delightful, notably the "Waiting Boy" in "The Pirates" and the moon song in "The Mikado." A little more animation would help her however. In this respect, Louise Barthel was a striking contrast. Miss Barthel's Pitti-Sing was something to be forgotten. For Miss Kate Condon an especial word is due. A real beauty was given her by the solos of Kaisha. In that and the part of Ruth the practical maid of all work, she was superb.

Mr. McFarlane is a Canadian, one of the many who have achieved distinction on the stage across the line.

"It is not generally known," said Vanderheyden Eby, writing under the title of "Canada's Share in the Modern Drama," in "October Canada Monthly," "how many of the stars of Broadway are Canadian-born. For example, Ontario can point to a notable array of famous sons and daughters. While James K. Hall, having been born on White Island, might be claimed, his parents were New Yorkers and he grew to manhood in that metropolis. It simply happened that they were summering in Canada at the time. As well call Lena Ashwell a mere Canadian, though she has made the most notable contribution to the ranks of players with a serious purpose, and with art adequate to their high ambition, is Julia Arthur, now living in retirement in Boston as the wife of Benjamin P. Chapman. She gave up the historic stage but her thirty years; yet not until she had achieved a memorable success in the foremost characters of Shakespeare. Born in Hamilton, her name was actually Lewis. For stage purposes, however, she bore the name of her mother. As well as the birth of drawing upon her imagination, as did her sister, "Flora Fairchild." Hamilton also supplied the contemporary stage with Roselle Knott and William H. Clark; while Ontario was also represented by Ida Lewis, who, with her husband, the Rev. Dr. Rankin, of Guelph, Norma Hedges of Amherstburg; by James Forbes (Salem), formerly an actor but better known as author of "The Travelling Salesman" and "The Chorus Lady"; and by—who would you say?—why, the little blonde and buxom local voleys of May Flora.

"It is, after all, the vaudeville stars who depict themselves with a distinctively American dash that one hardly can associate with Canada. Who ever could forget Mrs. H. H. Munro, the little town of Whitchurch? or Mrs. Dan Dyer in the burlesque? Arthur Dragoon came from Seaford, and Donald Urton from St. John's; while Toronto gave a waiting world Hope Booth, who used to pose, in a semi-fan of mirth, in a coarse farce entitled "A Wife in Flanders." Maud, of "Salome" notoriety. And still they come! For in the Tangany first saw the light—and, doubtless, "didn't care"!—at Marleton!"

Just at present a fund is being raised in England for Mr. Temple, the original "Mikado," who is in strengthened circumstances.

Mr. Richard Temple, who was the original Pooh Bah with Mr. Temple and who now plays in Birmingham in the new sporting play "A Member of Tattersall's," a week or so ago expressed the keenest regret at his old colleague's unfortunate turn of health, nothing about it, "he said, "until I read it in 'The Daily Mail' this morning and I am very greatly grieved and distressed about it."

"Temple and I are the last of the old brigade. Those were great days. Richard Temple was unequalled in his 'Mikado'—I never saw or played with him; we have long differed in art. He was a very fine actor and a most genial companion."

Mr. Barrington recalled an incident which well illustrates the veteran Savoyards' popularity. "In the final dress rehearsals of the 'Mikado' after Temple had left the family stage, 'My old 'Mikado' time' one com陪演者 complained that it was too long and inclined to be tedious. So Gilbert 'cut out' much to the dismay of Temple, for it was his best song and, in fact, his only solo."

"Temple's disappearance so touched the hearts of the choristers that in a body they appealed to Mr. Gilbert, who, overwhelmed by the weight of numbers, decided that the song should be sung as origin-

ally intended. Mr. Temple was overjoyed, and the song turned out to be one of his best hits."

Mr. Barrington hopes to take part in the benefit performance Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. H. B. Irving are arranging in aid of the veteran actor.

The Orpheum bill the first three nights of the week was up to the high standard already set and was well received by crowded houses. Lithuanius and Grant Simpson in "The Right Girl" and Watt, the electrical winker, were the features, while the athletic feats of the Nazarro company were exceptionally good.

The last three nights of the week that greatest of recent successes, "The Chocolate Soldier" is being given in an excellent setting. "The wide popularity of 'My Hero' and 'The Letter Song' is quite sufficient to draw capacity houses.

A contributor to a Vancouver paper, in the course of an article on "Where the Actors Come From," tells a good story. Here it is: "An American philanthropist made a business of visiting the missions and hospitals of Africa. A American crackman came to him with a letter of introduction from the clergyman. 'I've the very thing you want,' said the philanthropist, when the goad-bird had said and with pride upon his exploits. 'I'll see my friend Briggs, the art bell manufacturer tomorrow.' The crackman, encouraged by the prospect of the best work, appeared promptly at the appointed hour. 'You're to go to work at once,' said the philanthropist. 'My friend Briggs is producing a melo-drama. It is a scene where burglar enters a room and cracks safe. It'll only take a few minutes, and you don't have to speak a word; just execute the job with the minute details that will make it look real. Your salary will be fifty dollars a week.' The crackman definitely shook his head. 'Sorry I can't take the job, boss. I can't take it.' 'Why? It's the chance of a lifetime. I can't help it; boss; I promised my mother I'd never go on the stage.'"

Alfred Sutro, the English playwright visiting New York, told two little stories of George M. Cohan while discussing play-making the other day.

"I had asked him if I might adapt the 'Egoist,'" said Sutro, "and he had accepted the suggestion. We worked together all day, revising it so that we collaborate in the dramatization. I spent many delightful weeks end with him in connection with his work—and a rare privilege it was."

On one evening we were going over a scene that Meredith had written. I turned to me his bit. "Don't you like it?" asked Meredith, inquiring that I made no comment. "Well," I said, "I wish you would write the scene over, using the shortest possible cut to your meaning." He remained silent awhile, then said, "It overcame me. It was one in which the colonel had begged the heroine to give him more hope than she had hitherto held out to him. She replied to all his protestations: 'You are my true and faithful friend.' He is not satisfied that Mr. Meredith has written and which I thought too long. Suddenly he spoke. 'Am I to banquet upon this water?'"

"One evening when he was writing, I turned to him and said, 'Meredith, I am not satisfied with what you have written. I would like to know if you would like to have me edit it.'"

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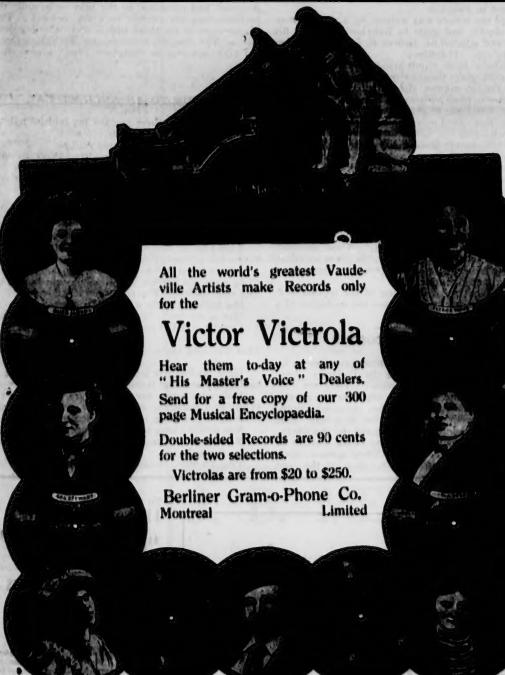
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#### ANECDOTES OF SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT

It was ten years ago, during a most quiet time in the City of Edmonton, that Sir Richard was observed to be poring over a book. On a couple of occasions during the debate he was asked a question, which quite surprised him, and he replied in a most quiet possible manner and with a sort of impatience.

When six o'clock came, Sir Richard left for dinner, leaving the book behind him. Some one asked that the Minister was engaged in studying some profound work of finance or philosophy.

"Come and see," said a press gallery man who sat immediately above the Minister's seat and who knew him well.

The little group stole into the Commons and glanced at the title of the book, now lying exposed on the Ministerial seat. It was "The Lights, the Heat, the Work in the Soul" by W. M. Ballantine and its sub-title was "A Book for Boys."

It was in his own lecture once, when he was present, that Sir Richard was interrupted by a crash in the hall. A passing servant had dropped a plate with a tremendous crash, which quite threw Sir Richard off the thread of his argument.

The old gentleman was furiously angry. "Fools, fools," he said. "I've been surrounded by them all my life. Fools, they've blighted my career," and then, as the servant was all over, and as the visitor passed out, he saw Sir Richard slip a bill into the servant's hand, lest he should have heard and his feelings hurt.—C.H.E.A. in Ottawa Free Press.

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## THE LEISURE HOUR

### THE INNER PASSION

By Alfred Noyes

"In Art, also, there is an inner Olivet, a secret hill  
of sacrifice."

There is a Master in my heart

To whom, though oft against my will,  
I bring the songs I sing apart.

And strive to think that they fulfill

His silent law, within my heart.

But it is blind to my desires

And deaf to all that I would plead;

He tests my truth at purer fires

And shames my purity with his need,

He claims my needs, not my desires.

And often, when my comrades praise,

I sadden; for they from me turn.

But, sometimes, when they blame, I raise

My eyes to him, and in them see

A tenderness too deep for praise.

He is not to be bought with gold;

Or lured by thornless crowns of fame;

But when some rebel thought had sold

His dishonor and to shame,

And my heart's Pilate cries "Behold,

"Behold the Man!" I know him then

And all those wild throned clamors die

In my heart's Judgment Hall again.

Or, if it ring with "Cruelty,"

Some few stand faithful, even then—

Some few sad thoughts. One bears his cross

To that dark Calvary of my pride,

Or stands far off and mourns his loss,

And one poor thief on either side,

Hangs on his own unworthy cross;

And one—O truth in ancient guise—

Alas! and bid him cease always,

And bid the God of his human eyes

On that poor thought with "The day this day

Shalt sing, shall sing, in Paradise."

I see that a couple of negroes held up a citizen somewhere in the East End recently, beat him up, and temporarily escaped with his money.

A few days later a similar crime, in which three negroes, played the roles, formerly assumed by these colored scoundrels, caused a big sensation in the region of Hainimack Street.

These instances call attention to the precautions citizens and police should alike take against their possible repetition.

Well-lighted streets, adequate police protection, and an abolition of the old-time, delightful, easy-going society, not so long since in vogue in Edmonton, of leaving one's door, night and day, "on the latch."

Hold-ups will mean burglaries in their wake. Well-organized, adequate police protection, and an abolition of the old-time, delightful, easy-going society, not so long since in vogue in Edmonton, of leaving one's door, night and day, "on the latch."

Burglaries, more serious crimes.

The old order has changed, and with the influx of population, we are face to face with the problems of criminal offenders with which every big city has to cope.

We don't want to lock our stable doors after we have lost our horses. As the city expands, we should set ourselves to deal with its growing needs, and the public can best aid the police and other departments in their efforts in this direction by taking that of prevention, along every line pronounced to be better than a whole pound of cure.

But I am not so much interested in crimes against people's property and person, as I am in those crimes against the spirit, more serious far, and wider reaching, than any ever perpetrated by pickpockets or bold robbers.

I speak of that class of spiritual burglars who ravage the earth, from Edmonton to Timbuctoo, as bank robbers and second-story thieves break locks and steal valuable.

The prey of these criminals are the ideals and illusions of society, life, worth living, to those of struggling souls.

The very words are a challenge to them.

They haven't got any themselves, or the ones they have are buried so deep under an avalanche of meanness and miserable failings, as makes their heart so tight next to all possibility. And so they set out to rob others of those coveted possessions, becoming burglars of the souls of their victims.

They go to the man and woman who believes in people and things, and say: "These are all lies. No man's son can ever play the part of Trust Blank? Not if you're wise. What did he play out for? Because he had an object in view."

They go to little children, who believe in fairies and Santa Claus, and say, "Lies, lies."

These are called Plain Truth, but really False-Hearted, pickpockets.

There for choice, each poor soul who passes her in the medium of everyday house-keeping.

The widow who passes her days in cleaning and running and mending, and the meagre cooking by which a humble lodger-some or home is made to keep body and soul together for herself and her children.

She is sustained through the monotonous and wearisome days by her strong belief that when her little days that she will grow up a beautiful lady, to which scores of handsome youths will offer their homage. When she sees her school, her teacher frowns, or her parents frown, she has always her dream to comfort her. One day some conscientious teacher loses patience with the child's absence of

mind, and tells her in a few cruel phrases what she looks like, and will probably be.

When that school-day ends, the teacher walks away and forgets the child whose dream she has so cruelly ended; but none the less she deserves the dock. The teacher is bound to buy up a cause, for while the former may swallow up the loss caused by the common felon who robs you of your purse and material treasures, no one can replace a vanished dream, give us back our illusions and ideals, or make us believe again in the goodness of human nature.

Edmund is a victim in bad case, for the perpetration of common crimes, but I would think little of that, if I could be persuaded that while we are making provision for our acknowledged and apprehended criminals, we were not cherishing in our midst those who are the greatest criminals of all, who are slaves of meanness in sharing your belief in goodness and virtue, and higher ideals, and better living.

August Woolf, the Citizen's League secretary, told me that he went out regardless of everything, we must above all, keep our faith and hold fast to the best that is in us.

It didn't matter if so doing looked like a fool performance.

To be sure, it didn't seem to bring success in this world, but what was success anyway?

Was it not selling your birth-right for a mess of potage?

I don't believe in heaps of things—worse luck! The burglars have been at me. You have dropped your shirt's covering, and I have seen your naked soul. You have stolen many of my ideals.

But hold on, it is my faith that in the end—oh, maybe acon on—good will triumph. Wrongs will be righted. Justice will be meted out.

He has his eye on the burglar, and it isn't the Penitentiary that takes up an eighth of his time. It's you and me, and men in high office.

We, poor things, imagine we could put him on to the ways and wickedness of Some People. Don't think. We'll get what's coming to us ourselves, and the Somebodies will get theirs.

When the great man "arrives," the associates of his boyhood days who used to laugh at the idea of his ever becoming a statesman, will be more sensitive to the background. But when an opportunity arises to make an example of some such sceptical old friend, surely no one could rise to the occasion more effectively than did Mark Twain on the occasion described. —Albert Bigelow Paine.

He used to keep a small board and offered five dollars a week and board to remain. He accepted. In the same building was a book-store, in which a young man named Edward Brownell clerked. He and Sam became great chums.

Sam ran at odd moments at night, to bed, voluminously—until very late one night. One night Ed Brownell, passing upstairs to his room on the fourth floor, poked his head in at the door.

"What are you reading, Sam?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing much—so-called funny book. One of those days I'll write a funnier book than that myself."

Brownell laughed.

"No you won't, Sam," he said. "You are too lazy even to write a book."

A few months later, when the name "Mark Twain" had begun to stand for American humor, the owner of it gave his "Sandwich Islands" lecture in Keokuk. Speaking of the unreliability of the islanders, he said:

"I am, I believe, the greatest liar on the earth, except myself, and I am very sorry to locate that one right here, in the city of Keokuk, in the person of Ed Brownell."

### HE'S A MUSICIAN, TOO

Mr. Parker, author of "Pomander Walk,"  
is a Wagnerian Enthusiast.

Musician turned dramatists is the odd life history of Louis Napoleon Parker, the author of the comedy of happiness, "Pomander Walk," which opened at the Empire Theatre, October 21. Mr. Parker was educated for the law in England, and then at the Royal Academy of Music in England where he studied under such masters as Banister, Bennett, Cousins, Stegall, Thomas and Walworth. He was graduated in 1847 and in recognition of his musical talents was elected Fellow in 1847.

Mr. Parker's musical career included cantatas, "Silvia," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," and "Young Tamerlane"; various songs, part songs, mazurkas and mottos; piano and violin music, and orchestra and choral music. He was director of the Shrubsole School of Music in England, and with his original compositions and appearances as a virtuoso was a very busy man.

His drift toward the drama sprang from the fact that this music master was also an accomplished actor, and he had a desire to have a chance to have obtained part of his earlier schooling in this country and in Germany. He was asked to translate in English for London production some of the reigning successes of the continental stage, and he accepted the offer so well. In this he became the adapter of Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," and Ibsen's "Rosmersholm"; Sudermann's "Magda," and other foreign classics. From this to original dramatic composition was an easy step, his first big hit in the field being scored with his comedy "Pomander," which was produced in the Empire, by John Drew and Maud Adams. He then wrote "The Cardinal" for E. S. Willard, and latter, "Pomander Walk," for production by The Liebler Co. and his partner for the same firm.

England's Mr. Parker, for many years, has been an outspoken advocate of Wagnerian music, not only as a critic but as a member of the United Wagner Society Committee, and as English representative of the League against him in 1868. His knowledge of music has been turned by to excellent account in his direction of the Shrubsole, Warwick and York historical pageants, wherein drama, music and spectacles were blended into a unique feature. He is a poet, too. His translations of Rossetti are excellent, and his long English blank verse. On the whole, it is doubtful whether any other writer for the English-speaking stage is more versatile in his accomplishments. This is, by the way, just one song, "What can the matron do?"

"Pomander Walk" comes to the Empire Theatre October 21, 22, 23 and 24.

—John Parker, author of "Pomander Walk."

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City of Edmonton, in the Province of  
Alberta, Merchant, Deced.

Notice is hereby given that all persons  
having claims upon the estate of the late  
John Ak. Qazi, who died on the 24th day  
of June, A.D. 1912, are required to send  
to National Trust Company, Limited,  
Edmonton, Administrators of the estate of  
the said deceased, or to Messrs. Waddington,  
Waddington & Company, Ltd., 1015 Jasper  
Ave., Edmonton, or to Messrs. Waddington,  
Solicitors for the said Administrator,  
on or before the 19th day of October, 1912,  
a full statement of their claims and of any  
titles held by them duly verified, so that  
the administrators may then proceed to  
distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto,  
having regard only to the claims of  
which notice has been filed with it or its  
agents.

Dated at Edmonton, this 14th day of  
September, D. 1912.  
111 RICE, HENWOOD & GIBSON,  
for the Administrator.

**A STRANGE DOKHOBOR  
CEREMONY**

Strange account of the customs of the Doukhobors in Canada who have come from Eastern Europe. Here is an account of what happened at Verner, Saskatchewan.

At Verner there was a new editor in effect which was to be a preliminary function preparatory to the departure of a number of Doukhobors to the new colony at Brilliant, B. C. About five hundred women and children and men were ordered on a bare foot march which covered twenty miles all told. The big company of men and women carried their hats, stockings and stockings their hands, and the orders of Peter Verner the leader, while they marched along. At the White Star River the mysterious ceremony took place.

**Water in Evidence**

The women were ordered to march ahead over a bridge and Peter made the men march into the water up to their heads. At this point the current was swift and deep. Peter waited in till the water reached his chin, then carefully made his way back to the shore and ordered each man to go into the water as far as he could. The process was to be a severe task for a great number, as Peter is a very big and tall man. Some of the shorter members of the company were unable to accomplish the task and would have drowned but for the assistance of the bigger men. Then standing on the shore the great company engaged in that well known and long standing so peculiar to their sect. Peter would sing while, then, his subjects would chime in.

All the shoes and stockings of the women were in a heap which measured several feet high, in the form of a cone. This appeared to be the altar for the occasion over which Peter pondered and then, after a long and apparently addresses the great company circled around. Sixty of the five hundred women were ordered to the front to have their hair shorn from their heads. These women went to leave for British Columbia. The hair was removed, leaving a covering only two inches in length, and each woman's "Crowning Glory" tied up with string in separate parcels. The hair, it was rumored around Verner, was sold at \$1.00 a pound.

**Deserters Jeer**

During the peculiar ceremony about two hundred non-community Douks (those who have abandoned Peter and his vagaries) gathered on the opposite bank of the river and, used the opportunity to jeer, laugh at and denounce the splendid stage work of the man of mystery. For a man of mystery he is even to his own people. They do not understand what this march was intended to represent. The object of the ordeal through which the great company passed is unknown to them. When several of the community Douks were asked by English-speaking people what it all meant they said they didn't understand what it was for.

As a result of the ordeal a number of the less hardy specimens of the race, for instance, clerks and those inexperienced in roughing it, were unable to attend to work the next day from the effects of the exhaustion.

**HOW THE POOR LIVE**

(London Daily News.)  
The rector of Tooting, the Rev. J. H. Anderson, who is also Chairman of the Central Unemployed Fund for London, has just given his parishioners the subjoined account of how a certain poor widow laid out a shilling:

9 lbs. coal ..... 0 1 1/2  
34 lbs. of brown ..... 0 3  
Loaf of bread ..... 0 0 1/2  
1/2 lb. of bacon ..... 0 1  
2 lbs. potatoes ..... 0 1  
1/2 pint of pure milk ..... 0 1  
1 oz. of tea ..... 0 1  
1 oz. of flour ..... 0 1  
1 oz. of sugar ..... 0 1  
1 oz. of butter (which will burn about 2 hours) ..... 0 1/2  
Pepper and salt ..... 0 1/2  
"It shows," says the rector, "that a shilling in cash can be more beneficial than a shilling in tickets. Cash is obviously more beneficial than paper when the recipient is to be trusted. When the recipient is not to be trusted there is not a very good case or help. But what a revelation of how the poor contrive to exist!"

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**A MAN'S CHARITY**

A New York paper tells the following story of what is known as the "bread line": An Austrian came to this country years ago to make his fortune. He established himself in a restaurant in New York, and, succeeding, was one night invited to note outside his shop a man who looked through the cellar window hungrily where the bakers were busy. The baker spoke to the man, found that he had eaten nothing for hours, and then taking him inside, gave him a loaf of bread. The man disappeared, but the baker, who had been accompanied by the first one, appeared at the bakery door, and again the baker fed the hungry. Thus the famous bread line was started. Since that time one who has asked for bread has been turned away by no baker or his boy.

Even in the week but once all the year round, any one who asks for it may have half a loaf of bread, and no questions asked.

The sociologists of New York feel that this characteristic of the American is not known to the world. They say that the American is more prone to stand a man in illness, they say, and then promptly stand against the bread line. The baker contended, however, that it was his privilege to feed hungry men if he chose. Sometimes money was sent to the bakers, but the bakers always returned it. The man in our particular case was doing his fellowmen, and he wished to be allowed to continue it in his own way.

The money spent in this way would amount now to a small fortune, it is said, for the bread line, beginning in 1876 with one man, now contains 1,000,000 men in times of financial stress it has been even longer.

It is true that in most large cities there are places where any one who is hungry can get a meal, but at these places efforts are at once put forth to find out who is asking for it and to reprove him of a fair footing with society. Stories of human conditions contend that the highest charity is to enable a man to dispense with charity. At the same time, this story of New York's bread line is picturesque and interesting, and it is illuminating as showing one man's failure to do an ideal of human service, to do the thing he felt to be right. If his act did not end to be everywhere emulated, his spirit of active service certainly is.

**DELAYED MARRIAGE**

(From The New York American.)  
It seems a strange thing that with all the varied discussion of suffrage and the sex question, none of the enthusiasts for sex equality have mentioned the money question as it affects marriage. The Contin-

ental theory that marriage is family business, and that it is the duty of the parents to see to the material welfare of the young couple, finds no echo on this side of the ocean.

The American idea of marriage is still the pioneer idea. In the old days, when women were scarce and the question of organizing a home resolved itself merely into a mating, the men of this land were glad to wed anything that was available. But with the present demand for and short supply of existence in keen competition with other men, this crude form of family life must of necessity give way.

A crying evil of the present day is the delay of marriage until one or both of the couple reach a certain age. Men and women are in fashion to wait until he is forty-five or she is forty before entering matrimony. That means that a man is forty or forty-five before his babies come along, and that when his sons and daughters are passing through childhood he is too old to be a companion to them. And these delayed marriages are not the only ones caused by material financial considerations. It is becoming harder and harder as the years go on for a young man to earn enough to start and provide for a family. But if the bride brought with her an income equal to that earned or possessed by her husband, this condition would be remedied instantly and more youthful marriages would take place. All serious, of course, is this question that the American father of the future must consider.

**CAUSE AND EFFECT**

The powder lay in heap—a threat  
Of death—where powder should not lie;  
Some fool threw down a cigarette—  
And flaming ruin rent the sky.

Whereas a solemn law met  
And laid the blame in wisdom rare,  
On him that threw the cigarette,  
Not them that left the powder there.

Upon the heaps of Want and Shame,  
Whereon men build, one evil day  
Some fool will fling a word of flame—  
And what will that, who shall say?

But should all care be over,  
We'll lay the blame in null despair,  
On him that threw the cigarette,  
Not them that put the powder there.

**Mrs. Ferrier**

Wishes to announce that owing to the popularity of her new book, "The American Way of Life," she has decided to put on a Clearance Sale, commencing this week. The Clearance Sale which will include the best books in New York and Chicago Publishers.

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#### ANECDOTES OF SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT

It was ten years ago, during a most exciting session of the Commons, that Sir Richard was observed to be poring over a book. On a couple of occasions during the debate he was asked a question, which, in itself, was not in the least possible manner, and with a sort of impatience.

When six o'clock came, Sir Richard left for dinner, leaving the book behind him. Some one suggested that the Minister was engaged in studying some profound work of finance or philosophy.

"Come and see," said a press gallery reporter who sat immediately above the Minister's seat and knew him.

The little group stole into the Commons and glanced at the title of the book, now lying exposed on the Minister's seat. It was "The Light of His Work in the Sudan," by R. M. Ballantyne, and its sub-title was "A Book for Boys."

It was in the same house, however, that the visitor was present, that Sir Richard was interrupted by a crash in the hall. A passing servant had dropped a plate with a tremor, and the crash, which quite surprised Sir Richard on the strength of his argument.

The old gentleman was furiously angry. "Fools, fools," he said. "I've been surrounded by them all my life. For they've blighted my life, and in the moment the anger was all over, and as the visitor passed out he saw Sir Richard slip a bill into the servant's hand, lest he should have heart and feelings here but the C.H.A. in Ottawa Free Press.

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## THE LEISURE HOUR

### THE INNER PASSION

By Alfred Noyes

"In Art, also, there is an inner Olivet, a secret hill of sacrifice."

There is a Master in my heart  
To whom, though oft against my will,  
I bring the songs I sing apart.  
And strive to think that they fulfill  
His silent law, within my heart.

But he is blind to my desires  
And deal to all that I would plead;  
He tests my truth at pure fires  
And shames my purple with his need,  
He claims my needs, not my desires.

And often, when my comrades praise  
I sadden; for he turns from me!  
But, sometimes, when they blame, I raise  
My eyes to him, and in them see  
A tenderness too deep for praise.

He is not to be bought with gold,  
Or lured by thornless crowns of fame;  
But when some rebel thought had sold  
Him to dishonor and to shame,  
And my heart's Pilate cries "Behold,

"Behold the Man!" I know him then  
And all those wild throned clamors die  
In my heart's Judgment Hall again.  
Or, if it ring with "Crucify!"  
Some few stand faithful, even then—

Some few sad thoughts. One bears his cross  
To that dark Calvary of my pride,  
Or stands far off and mourns his loss,  
And one poor thier on either side,  
Hangs on his own unworthy cross;

And one, O! truth in ancient guise—  
Rains—God turns his burning eyes  
On that poor thought with "Thou, this day  
That salt sing, shalt sing, in Paradise."

I see that a couple of beggars held up a citizen somewhere in the East End recently, beat him up, and temporarily escaped with his money.

A few days later a similar crime, in which three footpads, plus the man formerly known as "the scolded lad," again caused a big sensation in the region of Heimstein Street.

These instances call attention to the precautions citizens and police should take against their possible repetition.

Well-lighted streets, adequate police protection, and an abolition of the old-time, delightful, easy-going metropolis, not so long since in vogue in Edmonton, of leaving one's door, night and day, the latch.

Hold-ups will mean burglaries in their wake.

The old order has changed, and with the influx of population, we are face to face with the problems of the old-time, delinquent, easy-going metropolis, not so long since in vogue in Edmonton, of leaving one's door, night and day, the latch.

We don't want to lock our stable doors after we have lost our horses. As the city expands, we should set ourselves to deal with its growing needs, and the most important of these is police and other departments devoted to its interests by taking that ounce of prevention, along every line, pronounced to be better than a whole pound of cure.

But I am not so much interested in crimes against people's property and person, as I am in those crimes against the spirit, more serious far, and wider ramifications in the lives of any ever perpetrated by pickpockets and hold-up men.

I speak of that class of spiritual burglars who ravage the earth, from Edmonton to Timbuctoo, as bank-robbers and second-story thieves break locks and steal values.

The principal of these criminals are the ideals and illusions which, though make life worth living for thousands of struggling souls.

The very words are a challenge to them.

They haven't got any themselves, or the ones they have are buried so deep under an avalanche of incidents, of material failings, that they are being brought to light more to impossibility. And so they set out to rob others of these coveted possessions, becoming burglars of the souls of their victims.

They go to the man and woman who believes in people's goodness, and say "These are all lies. No one is honest." They play fast and "Trust Blank! Not if you're wise. What did he help you out for? Because he had an object in view."

They go to little children, believe in fairies and Santa Claus, and say "Lies, lies."

These are called the Plain Truth, but really the False-Headed, pickpockets.

These are the spiritual burglars.

These, for choice, attack some poor soul who passes her life in the median of everyday house-keeping.

The widow who passes her days in cleaning and mending, and the measure, cooking, by which a humble lodging-house or home is made to keep body and soul together for herself and her children.

She is sustained through the monotonous and wearisome days by the thought that when this hard life is ended, she and her fellow-disciples will sit on thrones and mete out justice to the nations of the earth. "Along comes our burglar and cries: 'Fudge! An old woman's story!'"

She is a strong woman of faith forever desolated by the hand of this thief.

A little child, scrawny, sallow, with scanty hair, and tired, red-lidded eyes, has dreamed through all her little days that she will grow up a beautiful lady, and when she comes of age, she will be able to offer their homage. When her mother scolded, her teeth frowned, or her eyes pained her, she had always her dream to comfort her. One day some conscientious teacher loses patience with the child's absence of

## THE MIRROR

mini, and tells her in a few cruel phrases what she looks like, and will probably be.

When that school-day ends, the teacher walks away and forgets the child whose dream she has so cruelly ended; but none the less she deserves the dock, for it prints more rigid than any ink, for which she will never realize the loss caused by the common felon who robs you of your purse and material treasures, no one can replace a vanished dream, give us back our illusions and ideals, or make us live again in the goodness of humanity.

Education is of common crime, but I would think little of that, if I could be persuaded that while we are making provision for our acknowledged and apprehended criminals, we were not cherishing in our midst, under the guise of sheep, those who are raves of rapacity in making your belief in goodness and virtue, and higher ideals, and better living.

August Woolf, the Citizen's League secretary, told me the other week that regardless of everything, we must, above all, keep our faith and hold fast to the best that is in us.

It didn't matter if so doing looked like a fool performance.

To be sure, it didn't seem to bring success in this world; but what was success anyway?

Was it not selling your birth-right for a mess of potage?

I don't believe in heaps of things—worse luck! The burglars have been here. You have dropped your son's coat, and the coat is now your naked son. You have stolen many of your ideas.

But hold fast is my faith that in the end—oh, may be acon on—good will prevail. Wrongs will be righted. Justice will be meted out.

He has eyes on the Green Penitentiary. He is the Penitentiary that takes up an eighth of his time. It's you and me, and men in high office.

We, poor things, imagine we could put him on to the ways and wickedness of Some People. Don't fear. We'll get what's coming to us ourselves, and the Somebodies will get theirs.

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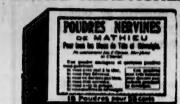
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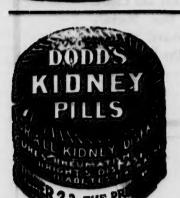
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Bill—\$14.97.

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"Was good to be alive.  
The carburetor sprang a leak.  
Bill—\$0.61.

He started on a little tour.  
The finest sort of fun.  
He stopped too quick and stripped his gears.  
Bill—\$0.51.

He took his wife down town to shop.  
To save car was great.  
He jammed into a hitching post.  
Bill—\$2.78.

He spent all of the coin he had.  
And then in anguish cried:  
I'll put a mortgage on the house  
And take just one more ride.

The family were quietly seated at dinner, and little Willie was anxiously looking at his father. At last his curiosity broke the silence.

"Father," he asked, "what makes your nose so red?"

"The east wind, my lad. Pass me that jug and get on with your dinner."

"Yes," murmured his mother, "pass your father the east wind, and don't talk so much!"

Taking liberties with Hamlet, a Cincinnati paper, in publishing the obituary notice of a wealthy cattus manufacturer, added to his many virtues that he was a fellow of infinite zest."

As jade, as emeralds, as soup, as seas

You know, there was a girl I might have married  
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## THE MIRROR

It was a hidden spot on the seashore. The waves lapped contentedly, the sun shone sweetly, and everything was quiet and peaceful.

The yard of empty space between them had dwindled down to a few feet of nothing.

They watched the sea-gulls circling round the white cliffs, and she told him that her name was Edith.

"Edith's a sweet name!" he declared.

"Oh, you're right!" she murmured.

He stood still longer. His arm was in the vicinity of her girl zone.

"Edith," she said, as she fished a pair of men's gloves from her vanity-bag, and glanced at her white pine quietness, "if you're going to be friendly, you'd better wear these. You boy's a policeman, and he's a nut on finger-prints!"

Mrs. New—Yes, most of the servants are as independent and as impudent as they can be. Now, I believe it's best to take a young country girl and train her in the way she should go, and then—

Mrs. Olden—First thing you know, she goes.

Bobbie—My dance, I think.

Madge—Oh, I'm sorry, it's Duncan's dance.

Bobbie—Oh! that's all right. I bought you from him for two shillings—Punch.

Maude—Jack is telling around that you are worth your weight in gold.

Ethel—The foolish boy. Who is he telling it to?

Maude—His creditors.

Premier Roblin had a friend the other day that one danger of fluency was talking too fast. It reminded him of a banquet at which the walls were adorned with many beautiful paintings and a well-known college president was called upon to respond.

In the course of his remarks, wishing to pay a compliment to the ladies present, and designating the paintings with one of his characteristic gestures, he said: "What need is there of these painted beauties when we have so many with us at this table?"—Winnipeg Telegram.

Senator Bristow of Kansas is so tall that when he plays golf he uses clubs a foot longer than those ordinarily used, and when he hits the ball it goes a mile and a half.

Which recalls a story told on Bristow when he first fell before the temptation to play golf. He wanted to know how the game was played. "Well, you just hit the ball," said his instructor, "you put the ball right here, just like that."—St. Louis Republic.

Jimson bought a business through an agent as a thorough-going concern. After six months he fell into his troubles very lightly.

Meeting his agent some time later, he said: "Are you still remember selling me a business?"

"Yes, of course I do," replied the agent.

"Well," said Jimson, "it's gone."

Dyer—I have no trouble keeping awake during the sermon.

Ryer—How do you manage it?

Dyer—By playing golf—Life.

College President—You can't get into our college. You aren't qualified in the entrance requirements in Sanskrit, Greek or calculus.

Prospective Student—No, but I am very well grounded in reading, writing, and arithmetic.

College President—Great Scott, man, you don't need a college education. Why don't you go into business?—Puck.

The English visitor was getting impressions as to "And do you know your alphabet?" he asked of the small boy in the house he was visiting.

"Yep," said the lad—"A, B, C, D, E, F, G, I, J—"

"Hold on there, my little lad," said the visitor. "Hold on a minute, I'll tell you."

"Yep," said the boy. "I dropped my H. I wanted to see if an Englishman would notice it."

"Pertness is a characteristic of the American child," wrote the Englishman later, when he prepared his American notes for publication.

Tommy's Aunt—Won't you have another piece of cake, Tommy?

Tommy (on a visit)—No, I thank you.

Tommy's Aunt—You seem to be suffering from loss of appetite.

Tommy—That ain't loss of appetite. What I'm suffering from is politeness.

THE WILD DUCK

The wild duck's life is filled with fear—

His fate it oftentimes harshly—

And that's the reason why you hear—

Those shotguns in the marshes.

The sportsman rises ere the dawn,

With bays and hawks and raptors,

He winds his way, the hunting roll on,

And there he sits and shivers.

Then when the wild duck saunters by,

To seek a place to sum up,

The sportsman with a wary eye—

Steps forth and calmly shoots him.

Sad is indeed the wild duck's fate,

As we feel its sorrows;

Ah, thank you, yes, we'll pass our plate.

He really is delicious.

ANNE DOMINI 1922 was chalked up on the almanac, and the great Eastern fly-plate express was skimming along on its midnight journey from London to Pekin.

Suddenly the mechanical dicky-bird found itself in difficulties among the stars. Something was wrong with the engine, and the customary "Goo-hoo-hoo-hoo" cried the skipper, glancing astern at the vibrating propellers. What alls the engine? What makes her go so slowly?

The begoggled, perspiring engineer hopped from his perch and faced the commander, with tears in his eyes.

"Sir," he remarked sagely, "we're passing through the milky way, and the propellers are full of butter!"

And the skipper, being a great astronomer, let it go at that.

WHY HOTEL STENOGRAPHS SWALLOW THEIR GUM

"I want to dictate a letter to Mr. Ivanovich Popov, ol' ol' skol'et'ch'ol'of'ch'ovitch of Vladivostok, Russia. Hurry up."

"Say, sweetheart, do you work here just for fun?"

"I've got a gal who looks a whole lot like you. She's got a stick around and gossip awhile. Gee, this is a lonesome town."

"You spelled 'gum' wrong in that last letter I wrote to the house and I got called for it. Get in touch with Daniel Webster, kid."

"How is that, sir?" the astonished counsel asked.

You say you live next door to him. Yet he lives neither to the north, south, east nor west of you.

What's your man by that, sir?"

"We live in the flat," said the witness, "and he lives in the flat above me."

"Well, to the west, then?"

"No."

"Ah," said the lawyer, sarcastically, "we are like-ly at last to get down to the one real fact. You live in the east of him, do you?"

"No."

"How is that, sir?" the astonished counsel asked.

You say you live next door to him. Yet he lives

neither to the north, south, east nor west of you.

What's your man by that, sir?"

"We live in the flat," said the witness, "and he lives in the flat above me."

"Well, to you come out and help me pick out a necktie?"

"My wife always does it for me when I am home."

"I ain't never saw a stenographer so quick and accurate as you. Your grammar is just as perfect as mine."

WHY HOTEL STENOGRAPHS SWALLOW THEIR GUM

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## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

It was a great three days that the Casino company gave to the "Ghosts and Goblins" review. "The old timer certainly stands the test of time well. Even 'Patience,' which deals with a phase of society that the present generation knows nothing of, more than holds its ground.

In my respectful, it is the cleverest of all so far as the Gilligan script goes. It will be well for his biggest opportunity, and his Burtheus was an exceedingly clever bit of work. It also gave the best part to Mr. George MacFarlane who, as Archibald Grosvenor, was immatable. His "Magna" and the "Chorus of the 'Duke'" due with Patience are his delightful memories.

The company made good its reputation of being one of all stars, but among the stars, Mr. MacFarlane certainly shone the brightest. Right through the curtain, with the exception of "After," where Mr. Corcoran gave his top great chance, his singing and acting were the feature of each performance. When he came on as the Mikado in the second act on the first night, the only regret was that his time on the stage was so limited. His singing, "To My Sweet Love," and "Crime" was only equalled by that of "The Modern Major-General" in "The Pirates" on the last night. Mr. MacFarlane's name as a headliner on any comic opera bill will be sufficient hereunto to draw any one who sees him on this occasion.

Brooks Atkinson showed his usual advantage as Poch-Bah than in any of his other parts. He still sings well, but is slightly ponderous. Mr. Aldridge's Nanki-Poo was his best performance. Mr. Cunningham did consistently good work throughout, his Sir Joseph Porter being particularly well done, especially the ever popular—

Stick close to your desk and never go to sea. And you all may be rulers of the Queen's nave.

Blanche Duffield has a voice of great sweetness, and her singing of the many fine solos that fell to her was a delight, notably the "Poor Wandering Boy" in "The Pirates," and the moon song in "The Mikado." The little more animation would help her however. In the respect, Louis Bellon was a striking contrast. Miss Barthell's Pitti-Sing was something that is not easy to forget. For Miss Kate Condon an especial word is due. A quite new beauty was given by her to the solos of Katisha. In that and the part of Ruth, the piratical maid of all work, she was superb.

Mr. MacFarlane is a Canadian, one of the many who have achieved distinction on the stage across the line.

"It is not generally known," said Vanderheyden Fyles, writing under the title of "Canada's Share in the Modern Drama," in October Canada Monthly, "how many of the stars of Broadway are of Canadian birth. For example, Ontario can point to a notable array of distinguished sons and daughters. While James K. Hackett, having been born on Wolfe Island, might be claimed, his parents were New Yorkers and he grew to manhood in that metropolis. It is not surprising that they should have come to Canada at the time. As well call Lena Ashwell, a mermaid-because she was born at sea! Ontario's most notable contribution to the ranks of players with a serious purpose, and with art adequate to their high calling, is, however, the singing of the retired actress in "Brooks" as the wife of Benjamin P. Cheney. She gave up the histronic battle before her thirtieth year; yet not until she had achieved a memorable success in the foremost characters of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Webster, and Marlowe, Lewis. For stage success, however, she borrowed from her brother Arthur Lewis, instead of drawing upon her imagination, as did her sister, "Flora Fairchild." Hamilton also supplied the contemporary stars with Roselle Knope and H. C. Coates, while Ontario was represented by Ida Hawley, who "lived too soon," and by McKee Rankin, of Sandwich, Norman Hackett, of Amherstburg; by James Forbes (Salem), formerly an actor but better known as author of "The Travelling Salesman" and "The Choral Lady," and by—who would you?—Whitney, the "tremendous and burly, jovial and worldly-wise May Irwin."

"It is, after all, the vaudeville stars who dispel themselves with a distinctively American aplomb that one hardly associates with Canada. Miss Eva was a notable feature. May Irwin in the little town of Whitchurch, Marie Dressler in Cobourg? Arthur Drayton came from Seaford, and Donald Brian from St. John's; while Toronto gave a waiting world Hope Booth, who used to pose, in a semi-banquet, as a "lady of the evening." Miss May Irwin in "Pawn" and Mann Allan of "Salomé" meturity. And still they come! For Eva Tanguay first saw the light—and, doubtless, "didn't care"—at Maribiton!"

Just at present a fund is being raised in England for Mr. Temple, the original "Mikado," who is in straitened circumstances.

Mr. Temple, who was the original Poch-bah with Mr. Temple, is who is now playing in Birmingham in the new sporting play, "A Member of Tattersall's," a week or so ago expressed the keenest regret at his old colleague's unfortunate position. But, when asked if he could, "I said, 'until I read it in The Daily Mail that it was so bad, I am very greatly grieved and distressed about it.'

"Temple and I are the last of the old brigade. Those were great days. Richard Temple was undoubtedly the best actor I ever saw. He was a very fine actor and a most genial companion."

Mr. Barrington recalled an incident which well illustrates the veteran Savoyard's popularity. "In the final scenes of 'Mikado' after Temple had sung the famous song 'My old man' all the time, some one complained that it was too long and inclined to be tedious. So Gilbert 'cut' on much to the dismay of Temple, for it was his best song, and, I think, his only one."

"The people's appointment so touched the hearts of the choristers that in a body they appealed to Mr. Gilbert, who, overwhelmed by the weight of numbers, decided that the song should be sung as origin-

ally intended. Mr. Temple was overjoyed, and the song turned out to be one of his best."

Mr. Barrington hopes to take part in the benefit performance Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. H. B. Irving are arranging for the veteran actor.

The Orpheum bill the first three nights of the week was up to the high standard already set and was as usual greeted by crowded houses. Litho McConnel and Grant Simpson in "The Right Girl" and Watt, the electrical worker, were the features, while the athletic feats of the Nazario company were exceptionally good.

The last three nights of the week that greatest of recent comic successes "The Chocolate Soldier" is being given by an excellent company. The wide popularity of "My Hero" and "The Letter Song" is quite sufficient to draw capacity houses.

A contributor to a Vancouver paper, in the course of an article on "Where the Actors Come From," tells a good story. Here it is:

"An American philanthropist made a business of getting jobs for men just out of gaol. A notorious burglar came to him with a letter of introduction from the chief constable. 'Give me the very thing you want,' said the philanthropist, when the man had dilated and with pride upon his exploits. 'I'll see my friend Briggs; come around tomorrow morning.' The cracksmen, encouraged by the prospect of honest employment, promptly accepted the appointed hour. 'You're going to go to work at once,' said the philanthropist. 'My friend Briggs is producing a melo drama. It is a scene where a burglar enters the room and cracks a safe. It'll only take a few minutes, and then you have to speak a word; just execute the job with the minimum detail that you can make it look real. Your salary will be fifty dollars a week.' The convict dolefully shook his head. 'Sorry I can't take the job, boss.' 'Can't take it? Why, it's the chance of your life.' 'Can't help it, boss; I promised my mother I'd never go on the stage.'"

Alfred Sutro, the English playwright visiting New York, told two little stories of hearing Mere with admiration, and hearing of others.

"I had asked him if I might adapt the 'Egoist,'" said Sutro, "and he had accepted the suggestion. We worked together at it, he insisting that we collaborated in the dramatization. I spent many, many days and evenings in his office, in connection with his work—and a rare privilege it was."

"On one evening we were going over a scene that Meredith had written. It seemed to me a bit long. 'Don't you like it?' asked Meredith, noticing that I was silent. 'Well,' I said, 'I wish you would write the scene over again in the shortest possible cut to your meaning.' He remained silent awhile, thinking it over. The scene was one in which the colonel had begged the heroine to give him more hours than she had hitherto held out to him. She replied, as to his protestations: 'You are my true and faithful friend, and I will do as you bid. He begged her to tell him more. It was this speech that Mr. Meredith had written and which I thought too long. Suddenly he spoke: 'Am I to banquet myself on this scene?'

"It was a typical Meredith sentence," continued Sutro, "and peculiarly his own.

"One incident in George Meredith's life always impressed me. He was about to undergo an operation and had been told by his physician that the chances of a successful recovery were not in his favor, however. The night before he was to go under the knife he invited several of his dearest friends to dine with him. It was one of the jolliest little dinners of his life! The next day he was operated on and recovered with it safely. After it was over he was asked if he had any fears about it. He said, 'No.'

"He replied, 'I have the greatest faith in the kindness of Nature. I felt that whatever happened to this battered old cage of mine, the little bird fluttering inside it would come to no harm.'"

The following editorial in the Prince Albert Herald is of interest in showing the keen competition that has existed in the past between the different cities of Saskatchewan in connection with the provincial musical festival. The contrast with Alberta, which has the right to inaugurate such an annual event is most marked. The Herald says:

"The publication of the results of the fifth annual festival under the auspices of the Saskatchewan Musical Association, to be held at Regina next May, reveals that somewhat regrettable absence of the Prince Albert choral society from the last competition, after having won the grand challenge shield, representing the choral championship of the province, for two years in succession.

Had the Prince Albert choral society participated successfully at the last festival, the challenge shield would have been a permanent property of the society, three successive wins entitling the competitors to possession of the trophy.

However it is useless at this stage to indulge in vain regrets. The question that naturally suggests itself is, whether the society proposes to make any future effort to maintain its enviable position among the musical organizations of the province.

The opinion of musical critics, expressed here and elsewhere, have been very flattering to the talent of the society, and it has been pointed out by some judges that the voice of the Albertan competitors in previous festivals have exhibited a natural softness of tone that is missing from those of the singers from communities on the prairie. This they claimed was due to natural advantages of latitude and climate.

There is apparently considerable disorganization among the singing forces of Prince Albert at the present time. Whatever has given rise to this undesirable state of affairs, it seems a pity, that with such a creditable record behind it, Prince Albert should make no effort to maintain its standing at the musical festival.

Proficiency in music is in itself a sufficient reward for the sacrifice of the part of those who have the ability to give the leadership to a movement for popular education. It is a sufficient reward, but when it is considered that the prowess of the musical community is likely to shed additional lustre on the commercial greatness of the city, by making it better known throughout the length and breadth of the land, there is another very compelling argument that our musical people should be strongly represented at the next provincial tournament.

We extend to you a cordial invitation to visit our new Victoria Parlors at

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Crompton Corset Company, Limited, Toronto.

### LOVE LETTERS 4,000 YEARS OLD

Love letters on a baked brick 4,000 years old, were translated by the Rev. Dr. E. C. Eisenel, at the Garrett Biblical Institute, Chicago. The brick was found in Biblical Jerusalem.

One of the letters was written by a young man who evidently had gone to Babylon to make his fortune and wanted his fiancee to join him and become his wife. It follows:

"Ahabya, from Gindar Marduk, May Shamash and Marduk send their for my sake, to live forever. I write this to inquire after thy health. Let me know how it goes with thee. I am now settled in Babylon, but I am in great anxiety because I have not seen them for many months when thou wilt come that I may receive at it. Come in the month of Arakha-sana (November-December). Mayest thou, for my sake, live forever.

The toothache cure in full as written to those people said Dr. Eisenel, "and they prepared a peculiar mixture to put on the sore tooth, but had to recruit an assistant to help out the concoction."

The toothache cure in full as written on the brick was:

So must we say this: 'Oh, worm; may Fa smite thee for this might be his list.' Thou shdest then do the following: mix beer, the plain sah-har and oil together. Repeat theron the incantation thrice and put it on the teeth.

The explanation of the cause of the toothache is as weird. The inscription traces the evolution of a worm which causes the pain.

### THE POLLARDS COMING

Thirty-five of the most talented juveniles to be found on the stage constitute the Pollards. An Australian Juvenile Opera Company, they are all from Australia, and is the only organization worthy of the name in the business. They represent a number of the latest musical comedies in a way that puts many an adult opera company to the blush, their acting, dancing and singing being matters of marvel to all who see them. They opened their first American tour in San Francisco, at the old

Tivoli Opera House, in 1901, and press and public had nothing but praise for them then, and in all towns visited since. This is the fifth tour of the world made by this organization, commencing in Sydney, Australia, July 1, 1912. Every piece is mounted and costumed to the life, and the performances are perfect in every respect. The engagement is for three nights and Saturday matinee at The Empire, commencing Thursday, October 17th, opening in "Sergeant Blue," a new comedy.

### AN ODE TO AN ANCIENT HAT

(Punch.)

A hat? — Ah, there you go, my faithful fellow! My discarded hat is the almost old left!

Whose leaf was once a wondrous green to melt My eyes that saw you hanging at the hatter's, Soiled not of sun that rusts nor storm that batters, But boasting such a tint as vernal trees,

Fallen into the sea, as emeralds, as suds, as seas. Never attempt—the perfect Tyrolean.

You know, there was a girl I might have married Last year at Sevenoaks, she told me so; Yet I did not care to grieve the thing I married.

I introduced her to you once, you know (You were not present at our founder meetings), And that sufficed. For all my fervent blatings,

She made me settle which did I prefer— Her or my hat? Well, loving though we were, I really couldn't throw you up for her.

That was long since. The suns of Time have slain you.

How I looked you for the man of rag and bone.

Sadly the Fates had fashioned you, for they knew

How surely you would wif—yes, they alone; While I—! somehow dreamed you could not perish.

Now there you hang, the hat I used to cherish;

Now would I care to venture out in you

Nowadays. You have seen your seasons through.

Yes, Thomas, certainly—Will this one do?

## THE SAFETY OF "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

May Be Taken For Years  
The Ideal Remedy For  
Young and Old

Hatman's gifts do no good, if used indiscriminately. We should not eat fruit from old to old age without ever tiring of it. We drink water, year in and year out, with the result that we get tired of it. So too, we eat fruit in season and are better for the change of diet. This is true, however, of all the other natural foods and drink to mankind. It is for this reason that we should not use fruit for years in correcting maladies of the body. As is well known, "Fruit-a-tives" are the best remedy for apples, oranges, figs and prunes.

Just as fresh fruit may be taken at every meal, so may "Fruit-a-tives" be taken every night for years or more with great benefit.

The disease safety of "Fruit-a-tives" has been a great factor in its success.

These fruits, however, are not the only ones such as Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, etc., naturally feeds a number of other diseases.

As they become better, they should be increased in quantity and continue to increase the dose as in most medicines, they were decreasing. It gradually takes fewer and fewer.

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Hon. Charles Murphy, who is touring Ontario with Sir Wilfrid Laurier.




**VANITY FAIR**


The dance is apparently the thing in Edmonton this month.

On Saturday, Mrs. B. J. Saunders is giving one at her residence on Sixth Street, in honor of her daughters, Miss Marjorie and Miss Beatrice.

On Monday, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Belcher are giving another in the Separate School hall.

Next Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dawson will have a house and dance of a similar event in the Separate School hall in honor of their daughter, Miss Jean's coming out.

On Tuesday, the 10th have their fortnightly dance in the same building.

There is a great deal of room for the dancing set, though club cards and card parties are very late in beginning their activities.

The Tea again is with us. I mean the Crush Tea. "They are rather enjoying early in the season, as furnishing an opportunity for making a great many friends." I still think I didn't mean that—I meant an all fell stroke.

They have to be. They are a necessary complement to the social life of every city, where one likes and loves the greater number of people, whom one simply couldn't ask to any card party, however large.

The little teekies keep much as they were, and new ones are forming.

The Big Tea keeps them in touch with one another.

I used to despise them. Now I know they have their definite place in one's life.

I hear that Judge and Mrs. Beck have bought the charming house on the hill, "My House," built by Mr. and Mrs. McPherson.

These lovely ladies are going up all over the city, the view and charm of this delightful residence remain almost unparalleled.

Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick is giving a "tea" this Friday afternoon at her new home on Twenty-first Street.

I hear that Miss Marjorie Wilson is to be one of this year's debutantes. Both on her own, and her mother's account, her coming out will arouse a great deal of interest.

Mrs. Andrew Dickey, entertained at a smart little tea on Saturday afternoon last, in honor of Lady Dickey, a fascinating visitor from Winnipeg.

The quest of honor wore a very modish black toilet relieved with some fine old lace, and a hat en suite.

Mrs. Dickens was, as always, a delightful hostess, and was wearing the most becoming gown of King's Blue foulard with little knife-pleated white net accessories.

The table was magnificently done with a dark background, overhung with lilles, and white, pink roses, ferns and yellow "tummons" on a flowing white chiffon foundation, half buried in tender green of the valley leaves.

Here Mrs. Duncan Smith and Mrs. Percy Barnes presided. Mrs. Phyllis and Miss Gwen Barnes and Miss Porteous being three pretty girl assistants.

Mrs. Jack O'Neil Hayes was a tea-hour hostess this Thursday, Mrs. Holland, of England, being the guest of honor.

Dr. and Mrs. Rooney have returned from their wedding tour. Mrs. Rooney receiving with her mother, Mrs. Day, on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Anna Oliver's wedding to Mr. Julian Garrant will be one of the big social events in Ottawa of this week.

Miss Anna Farrell of Winnipeg, was a weekend visitor to Mrs. Dick Scoble, a few friends having the pleasure of enjoying a cup of tea with her on Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Chas. May was one of the week's tea hostesses, entertaining at the tea hour on Friday last for her daughter's young girl friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Pardee and their house guests, and Mr. Rolt are going to Mr. Baker's home, for the paint for a week's end's shoot.

Tickets for the dance to be given on Friday, October 18th, in the Separate School hall, in aid of a Victorian Nurses' Home, may be procured at either Archibald's, Lines', or Sissoms', drug stores.

Mrs. Dick Hardisty's tea party, a gathering of Miss Lillian Hardisty's girl friends, in tea room, Friday last, when they had a merry hour talking on the unusual gauity promised for the next few weeks. Mrs. Hardisty and Miss Kelly presided over the tea and ices, and Miss Lillian Hardisty and Miss Norah Campbell assisted.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Morris are home again from a delightful trip that took them by way of the big American Cities, and back for a few days' visit to Winnipeg. Mrs. Morris is looking splendidly for the change, and was one of the smartest dressed women at the week's tea.

Mrs. L. F. Clarry will receive for the first time this season at her home, 1253 Victoria avenue, this Friday, October 11th. Her guest, Miss Bertha Clarry, will receive with her, beginning with November. Mrs. Clarry will receive on the third Tuesday of each month.

The Mistanusk Chapter Daughter of the Empire are holding a rummage sale on the 17th, 18th and 19th October, the place of the sale to be announced later.

Mrs. R. Percy Barnes asked a few friends to tea on Tuesday afternoon to meet Mrs. Holland (England). Mrs. Jack O'Neil Hayes poured tea.

Major Bryce J. Saunders, Reserve of Officers, 9th Alberta Dragoons, has been gazetted honorary lieutenant-colonel of the 101st Edmonton Fusiliers.

Miss Madge Macdonald of Italia, N.S., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Horace Dickey, Twenty-first Street.

Miss Kelley, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Richard Hardisty, left on Tuesday for her home in Chicago.

Mrs. Beck entertained at two tables of Bridge on Tuesday in honor of Lady Dubuc of Winnipeg. The guests were Miss Teeey, Lady Dubuc, Madam Lucien Dubuc, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Frank Smith and Mrs. Ewing.

Mrs. Baldwin and Miss Suzette Baldwin left on Thursday for Toronto and Montreal.

Miss Marion Thompson's friends will regret to hear she is suffering from a broken wrist, the result of a fall from her horse, "Wallabout," a ranch. Miss Violet Wilson has been spending an enjoyable holiday as Miss Thompson's guest.

Owing to pressure on space, I am holding over the account of Mrs. Pardee's tea for her guests. Mrs. Stevenson and Miss Margaret Garvey, of San Fran, which was the biggest social event of this week.

Judging from letters received by friends of Dr. and Mrs. Braithwaite, they are having a delightful visit in the Old Country.

#### THE L-1ST MONA LISA

I think I have at last learnt the truth as to the fate of the Gioconda. It is melancholy news, I hasten to say. We shall see again see Leonardo da Vinci's famous picture. One might wish it had been stolen, for then there would have been hope for its reappearance. The fact is, I learn, that it never left the Louvre; it perished there. A photographer's employee, wishing to avenge himself on the world at large for what he thought his wrongful dismissal, imagined a piece of sabotage worthy of a twentieth century Herodotus; he spread the contents of a pail of sulphuric acid over the portrait of Mona Lisa.

From another source I have heard further particulars. "I do not much care for them, the same castaway, but repeat them nevertheless, a highly probable theory. The virulent outrage on the Gioconda was committed a year or two before the world learnt of the theft. The picture supposed to have been stolen was, in fact, a copy. As long as there was any hope of recovering the original, the Louvre authorities had a familiar friend under a glass sunshade. This piece of plate glass was inserted a year or two before the theft." When all hopes of restoring the original were given up, and when certain visitors were beginning to wonder if their doubts about the picture had been well founded, the substitute was painted and very likely thrown into the fire. Possibly the original panel, a worthless piece of wood, met with the same fate.

After the sensational disappearance of the Gioconda, it is to us to conjecture. Government officials were not long in perceiving the improbability of a theft. The police allowed, however, to follow this scent, first, out of kindness to the public, and, secondly, because it was the only lead to follow. They were allowed to let out the whole of what is now believed to be the secret of the Louvre's possible responsible officials to admit even more fully than they did the slackness and inefficiency that prevailed high and low among the Louvre staff. The pretense, however, was good enough for removing several valuable and of considerable historical value.

The director of the Louvre, M. Homolle, did not come too badly out of the adventure. His designation was accepted, but as compensation he was appointed director of the French archaeological school at Athens, post he had already filled, and to which he was longing to return.

And now, farewell Gioconda! I asked a friend of mine, an authority on chemistry, what would be the effect of pouring sulphuric acid on a picture. "It would be like a fire, destroying the colors. They are all the more liable to attack by sulphuric acid, as they are, as a rule, oxides. They would be turned into sulphates, mostly. The acid would not be to concentrate.

Indirectly the acid would not get all the quicker. It would be all over a few seconds, but the black and white spots formed by insoluble sulphates might give a sort of shadow of the picture; that is, if the paint did not come off in rags."—Truth.



Scene from Act I in "Sergeant Brue," at the Empire, Oct. 17th.

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We invite your inspection of these new Winter styles—you'll find prices considerably lower than elsewhere.

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#### A REJECTED STORY

(New York Tribune.)

There is a copy reader on a New York newspaper who has one hold upon fame. Years ago he was the Sunday editor of a San Francisco newspaper. One night a rowdy-looking young man, with wild speech and shaking fist, came into an office, a few years ago, and tried to sell him a copy at rates, a story of Indian life, which he said he had written some time before for an Indian newspaper in America. The copy reader took the story and read it, and then turned it over to a friend that it was not worth the paper he had paid for it. The young Englishman was Rudyard Kipling, and the story he tried to sell was the now famous one, called The Man Who Would Be King.

#### BROTHER RIGHTS A WRONG

(Boston Telegram to the Philadelphia Inquirer.) Following the discovery that Matthew Connell, Jr., a prominent Lynn business man, had two wives, his brother, John Connell, has married one of them and Matthew has escaped with a fine imposed by a Dorchester judge.

He has married the woman who for five years thought she was the wife of his brother," said John Connell, "because he wanted to atone for some of the wrongs that have been done her by a Connell. I want my brother's child, five years old, to have the name Connell, for it belongs to him. When I heard of the terrible crime bigamy against my brother, I came at once from Maine, met his wife for the first time, realized her worth and asked her to become my wife."